THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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The Undergraduate.

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Editors' Table.

IN the absence of President Brainerd, who is spending six months in foreign travel, Prof. W. W. Eaton is acting president. The wisdom of this selection is evidenced by the conduct and regard of the student-body.

OUR college opens this year under propitious circumstances. A large entering class, a larger number of students than at any time for many years, many improvements and increased facilities, and four new professors; a true college spirit manifest, much satisfaction expressed with the new members of the faculty, and altogether we predict a great year for Middlebury college.

THE manly spirit which pervades the college and the absence of that thoughtless conduct which fills nearly all colleges, is very perceptible this fall. The order and reverence during chapel exercises, the students comport about college and the care given to the pleasantness of the dormitories not only show much improvement, but bespeak creditably for the training of Middlebury college. Every student should exert himself that this better way may be kept up throughout the year.

THE athletic outlook for the coming year surpasses all former years. Much very good material has been added in the Freshman class, which, under training, will add greatly to the strength of foot-ball and base-ball. And the interest which the students feel in this respect was shown by the readiness with which they liberally subscribed for the foot-ball team. Now those who have charge and those who make up the team should not be satisfied with any maudlin attempts or any but college games. With practice and coaching we can surely put out a strong team.

WE are returned. After a summer vacation spent, it little matters now where or how, we are returned. After a summer's vacation consumed in pleasure or filled with diligence, after many days' travel in the sultry sun with the "prospectus" under our arm, after innumerable responses to the electric bell and dyspeptic stomach, after balancing up the ledger or writing "finis" on the manuscript, after visits and journeys; after these experiences for some of us, for the other some, something else, with vain regrets and longing both mental and financial for the "summer girl", we are returned. With bright prospects, with new iuducements and encouragements we are returned to work—to do right—to be men.

COLLEGE IMPROVEMENTS.

We doubt not that the UNDERGRADUATE voices the mind of the student-body when it rejoices with much encouragement at the many improvements which our college has received during the vacation. In review-

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ing the work which has been done no better description can be given than the following, taken from a daily paper of recent date :

"Improvement of college buildings has been the order of the summer, work upon the chapel and Painter Hall having been constant since commencement.

"To begin with, the long era of stoves and wood-boxes is over, and both buildings will be heated in the future by an extensive steam-plant, the boiler being located in the basement of Painter. The transforming effect on the appearance of the various rooms in the chapel building is especially noticeable and the gain in both room and convenience is marked.

"Painter Hall, in its interior arrangements, would scarcely be recognized by those who have known its dinginess and desolation during the last quarter of a century ; in fact, it hardly knows itself. It is matter for congratulation that the full capacity is again put to use, for not only is old Painter the most academical and plainly handsome of the college buildings, but it has besides the most history at its back. Built in 1814, it is the oldest of the campus structures. Its broad foundations and massive lime-stone walls mark the substantial natures and far-reaching plans of those who had it in charge. It was built for dormitory purposes and so employed till after the war, when all students went over to newer Starr. From the rooms of Painter, with their generous fireplaces and deep window-seats, student after student went out to the war, till those who were left were hardly more than a handful. From the little semi-circular attic window in the south wall the effigy of Jeff Davis hanging one morning testified to the patriotism of those who remained.

"A dozen years ago the library was brought from the chapel and given, for more commodious quarters, the entire north division. The two upper stories of the south division thrown into one were also utilized as a gymnasium. The rest of the building, for the most part, was a rubbish hole. All this, however, is now changed.

"The first floor of the south division is taken up with an enlarged reading room and a general college office. On the second floor, directly beneath the gymnasium, are a bathroom, a locker room and closets. the set making the appointments connected with the gymnasium all that could be desired. By a change of the stairway approaching it the floor capacity of the gymnasium itself is increased practically a third.

"In the middle division the first floor contains a large, light reference and study room connected with the library, an office for the librarian, and a recitation and lecture room, to be used in the work of the English department. On the second floor is a set of rooms for faculty purposes. The remaining space in the division is given to up to dormitories. With their steam heat and electric light, however, their fittings are decidedly different from those of the olden time.

"Externally the building has been correspondingly improved. The roof has been slated ; the huge chimneys are newly topped out, and large-paned windows are everywhere.

"Practically it is a new building that goes into use this fall ; and it is typical of the institution of whose equipment it forms a part—it is substantial and up to date."

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE."

There are people and people in this world. There are some who have a perfect talent for silence, who never tell anything, good, bad, or indifferent ; who would even keep to themselves a comforting fact rather than break their rule of reticence.

And there are others who carry out perfectly the Bible injunction to do good and communicate, except that they usually forget to do good. This class is the more hard to get along with, because they can be trusted with nothing ; and the worst thing is that they, unconsciously let us hope, enlarge every fact which passes through their hands.

And there is still a third class who seem to know by instinct what should be told and what kept to themselves. They were never known to get themselves or others into trouble by their unruly little member ; their slips are exactly equal to zero, and their pleasant words are next neighbor to infinity ; every one wishes them for friends, for they know both to be silent and to speak.

As saith the proverb, "Learn to hold thy tongue."

O.

LIVES AND RAG CARPETS.

Aunt Ri, in Ramona, makes a strange but suggestive comparison—comparing life to a rag carpet, and that, too, a "hit or miss" one—yet there is in this a vast amount of food for thought.

There are in all lives the little pieces, the scraps, the odds and ends, which all blended together make up the whole beautiful life. The white of purity, the true blue of love, the gold of sunshine, the black of grief and utter desolation, the green of freshness and life, the red of warmth and beauty, the shades between these which are combinations of them, the various tints and hues of the spectrum, these all work together "hit or miss" to make up the lives of mortals.

For some the darker hues are in the preponderance, and the life is a sober, commonplace, often sad, reality, with little of dreaming and exuberant joy. Then another is of the shades of beauty and light, and all life is apparently one round of joy and peace. But

for most the dark and light are interwoven and mingled, spotted and flecked, dark against light, each color so working in as to set off each color near it, increasing the beauty even from the contrasts.

Underlying some is the dark warp of treachery and deceit, not showing as a whole, but constantly making itself evident in the little spots, yet as often being hid den by the overwoven deeds. And underlying others is the light warp of honesty and truth, brightening and enlivening the completed web.

And there are the spots where mistakes have been made, where knots have been tied, where the threads were tangled, where carelessness is shown—Oh, how these mar the work and detract from perfect beauty.

"Hit or miss" perhaps we call it, yet, as Aunt Ri suggests, how much more often it is *hit* than it is *miss*. How much more often do the unexpected combinations harmonize rather than kill each other. And so in our lives, whether dark or bright, whether long or short, let the threads be all woven smoothly and evenly over a warp of honesty, and our carpets will be a joy and inspiration to each one passing this way.

"*M. '96.*"

THE CLASS OF 1859.

Thirty-five years ago this summer, on the 10th of August, we graduated. It was in the midst of the haying season. But the farmers dropped everything to go to the commencement, and the church was packed to the doors. The young orators of those days had full houses and appreciative audiences. We graduated nine, of whom six remain till now. Three have graduated into the other life, Cadwell, Segur and Watts. The rest are in the heat of life's battles. Bailev is pastor of a Congregational church in Arkansas; the writer is pastor of the First church in New London, Conn.; Knight is somewhere in the vicinity of Boston; Lane is in Ludlow, Vt., still waiting for some one to be sick that he may minister pills to them; Severance is pastor of the church in Bennington, Vt., where he has been six years; Shipman is professor in Tufts College near Boston. Two of these have been honored with an honorary degree from other colleges —Shipman with a D. D. from St. Lawrence University, and the writer with the same degree from Iowa College.

We were a dignified, well behaved class, and engaged in none of the pranks which got other classes into trouble. Two of us, however, did have a hand in administering a little wholesome discipline to one Goodnow of the class of '60. Those who roomed under him, that night, entered into the fellowship of his involuntary shower-bath. But we were shrewd enough not to get caught. But as for lugging off the bell-tongue, carting hay into the chapel till it looked like a hay-loft, enticing calves and sheep into the belfry—we left all such performances to the other classes.

The class of '59 was a great class. We graduated small in number, but it was the custom that year to weigh, not count. We began with eighteen. Among our number was Redington. During Sophomore year a poll-tax was exacted of him, and the next day or two after he appeared on the streets with a wig. It was never known for certain who coll cted that tax; but it was thought that certain members of the class of '60 knew more of the affair than they chose to tell. Be that as it may, Redington so appreciated the performance that he dropped back into that class. Aiken was another of our class, who dropped out to study law and afterwards became famous as the defender of Mr. Surratt, for the attack on Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward and others who suffered in that bloody tragedy. But it would be impossible to name all the men who were in this class during its course. Nine of us stuck by and graduated. I fancy that they have made as good a record for themselves and the college as any of the contemporaneous classes.

The contiguous classes had some men who have made their mark. In the class of '59 were Colburn, B. Kellogg, Stephen Walker and W. H. Walker, who was most familiarly known as "Rabbi". In the class of '60 were Wild, Williams, H. F. Walker, Vail, Sherman, Higley and Montgomery.

Dr. Labaree was the honored and dignified president. We used to think patronizingly of him, but as we got away into the distance of active life his greatness began to appear to us. Professors Parker in the chair of mathematics (we called him Old Calculus, I believe), Robbins in the chair of Latin and Greek, Boardman ("Plancus Homo" was his *nome de plume* among us students) were all in their prime; and they were grand men. About the only name left which appeared in the catalogue in 1855, when we entered, and which still remains is that of Hon. John W. Stewart, who was then secretary of the corporation.

The college days are pleasant to remember. The Alma Mater has a warm place in our thought. These

imperfect reminiscences call up many familiar names and associations. Before me lies a programme of a public exhibition of the Philomathesian society, in which there was an oration, a joint debate between four members of the class of '61 and an oration. This affair came off in the old college chapel Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, 1858. I remember that our side had the best of it—at any rate we thought so. The final oration on the "Dignity of Human Nature" was a fitting close to the programme. It was pronounced by that able theologian who now presides over the church in Bennington.

What we have done since leaving college has already been told in the main. The thoughts of our four years at Middlebury are pleasant to recall. We, who survive, do not often meet. We are busy men. But the memories of the classmates and the friends in the other classes with whom we were associated for four eventful years—years of foundation laying—are pleasant to recall. S. L. BLAKE.

Personals.

'39. Rev. Anson H. Parmelee died at his home in Phelps, N. Y., Aug. 28, '94. After graduation here he entered Andover Theological Seminary, graduating in 1842. For the three years following he was engaged as agent of the American Tract Society. He then settled to a pastorate at Addison, N. Y., and had various charges in New York State until 1889, when he settled down at Phelps. Rev. Lathrop Taylor, his life-long friend and classmate both at Middlebury and Andover Theological, says of him: "He was always manly and loved man and was in active sympathy with whatever promised good to humanity. He was a man of intelligent and strong convictions and had the courage to express them. As a Christian he was a model in word and deed. His religious life, so nearly perfect, was the outcome of a heart ever abounding with love to God and man. He loved the church of God and joyfully labored for the promotion of its interests. His ministerial work has been crowned with rich harvests on his fields of labor. He loved the Bible, adhered to its doctrines, and preached them rather than human theories and philosophy. He was faithful to the end and has received the crown." He only lacked a few days of being eighty-four years old.

'58. Prof. Brainerd Kellogg went to his home in Brooklyn about Sept. 18. He had been in North Hero since August.

'60. Rev. David H. Adams was married to Mrs. Arianna Merrill June 5, '94, at the bride's home in Worcester, Mass. After a wedding breakfast the bridal couple left for Rochester, N. H., at which place Mr. Adams has a pastorate. On the following evening they were tendered a reception by a large number of the congregation and church.

'64. Rev. G. R. W. Scott and wife celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage Sept. 22, '94, at Leominster, Mass.

'67. Geo. E Lawrence was elected representative from Rutland to the Vermont legislature at the recent elections. An attempt was made to take his life, on Sept. 18, by one David O'Herne, who had a fancied grievance against Mr. Lawrence on account of delay in settling an insurance account. He had made numerous threats and on the morning of the attempted assassination O'Herne came into Mr. Lawrence's office, drew a revolver and fired. The bullet grazed Mr. Lawrence's coat lapel and O'Herne made for the street. He was arrested within an hour.

'74. Rev. A. O. Spoor of Winooski was elected chaplain of the Vermont house of representatives, Oct. 3. Mr. Spoor was in the war for three years with the 11th Vt. regiment and spent about six months of the time in various Confederate prisons. The State press speaks of him as a man of high morals and a worthy man for the place.

'76. William A. Remele was ordained as a Congregational clergyman at East Poultney, Vt., Sept. 28. He has preached several years since graduation, but owing to poor health has not till now been ready to take up the ministry as a life work. Rev. H. L. Bailey, '86, gave him the right hand of fellowship at the ordination service.

'77. Willis I. Twitchell of Hartford, Conn., visited at his father's in New Haven during the summer.

'77. Prof. B. M. Weld has been engaged as principal of Beeman academy in New Haven.

'82. President Barton of Anatolia college has been appointed to succeed Rev. N. G. Clark as Senior Secretary of the American Board of Missions. President Barton will begin active work in October.

'82. C. G. Leavenworth of Cleveland, O., was at Hon. L. D. Eldridge's the first part of the month.

'83. C. B. F. Palmer, formerly private secretary to Col. A. F. Walker, was recently appointed secretary to the receivers of the Atchison railway system. Col. Walker is one of the three receivers.

'83. Jesse Stearns and family passed part of the summer in Bristol and vicinity.

'83. C. B. F. Palmer has an article in a recent New York *Indepen dent* entitled, "How the railroads fought the strike."

'86. Rev. H. L. Bailey, who is preaching at Middletown Springs, Vt., was in town Oct. 6.

'86. W. M. Ross was married to Annie P. Goulding, daughter of J. G. Goulding, at the home of the bride in Rutland, July 18.

'87. E. D Howe, associated with F. S. Becker, has a new law book upon the law market. It is entitled, "The Civil and Criminal Practice before Justices of the Peace."

'89. Rev. C. K. P. Cogswell visited his parents in Middlebury this summer. He is assistant rector at Steubenville, O.

'89. Prentiss C. Hoyt has been engaged as principal of the Middlebury graded school for another year.

'89. Rev. J. W. Thomas arrived home from England Aug. 27.

'90. Rev. Vernon Harrington visited his mother in Middlebury this summer.

'90. A. A. Lavery, formerly a student in the law office of J. I. Gilbert, Malone, N. Y., and more recently principal of the high school at Ticonderoga, has returned to Malone and entered into partnership with his preceptor.

'90. Arthur B. Pease, who for the past year has been practicing law in the office of Walter M. Howland at 57 Portland Block, Chicago, has severed his connection with that gentleman and has opened an office of his own. His address is 1544-48 Unity Bl'd'g, Chicago.

'90. L. H. Ross will begin a course in medicine at Boston this fall.

'92. Prof. E. W. Benedict was married the latter part of the summer.

'92. Alexander MacDonald will continue as principal of the school at St. Regis' Falls another year. The local paper says he has made a record as a disciplinarian and instructor and his retention is certain indication of a first-class school the coming year.

'93. Geo. L. Hasseltine has been engaged as assistant principal of the Bristol Graded School.

'93. E. W. Sturtevant of Wesleyan University has been visiting friends in town for two or three weeks.

'93. Chas. E. Hesselgrave, who was principal of Beeman Academy last year, has secured a position as principal of the High School at Sydney, N. Y.

'94. W. E. Chapman is teaching in Running Water, South Dakota.

'94. Miss Annie L. Ritchie has been engaged as assistant librarian of the college.

'94. H. H. Seely received the appointment of assistant chemist at the New York experiment station at Geneva. He went to his work Sept. 10.

Verse.

AN EVER PRESENT FRIEND.

Oh tired heart, when days are long,
When life looks dark, and all goes wrong,
Though far away thy friends may be,
A mother's heart still throbs for thee.

Thy mother nature waits to cheer
And strengthen thee; dost thou not hear?
She calls thee in the gentle breeze,
The birds repeat it in their glees.

The flowers bloom, the earth is fair,
Deep in the woods are treasures rare,
Bright waters ripple careless free,
All these thy comforters may be.

Then seek their cheer, and thou shalt know
The hidden springs whence rivers flow,
There thou canst learn living truth,
And find the fountain head of youth.

Thy God hath given thee the world
With nature's myriad gems empearled;
Accept the gift, and it shall be
Strength, hope and purest joy to thee.

M. B.

OCTOBER.

A murmur in the treetops,
A noise of falling leaves,
A flash of crimson glory,
A store of gathered sheaves.

A scarlet in the sunset;
In the path the leaves so sere;
In the trees the squirrels' chatter;
We know October is here. '96.

A SOPHOMORE'S STORY.

SWAMPED !

Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
To the far-off swamp alone.
Where the sophomore ceaseless haunts,
Where they hear naught else but taunts,
Where they'll spoil their patent pumps,
Falling over rocks and stumps,
Each one's tender hands, alack !
Firmly tied behind his back.
Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
Two young freshmen coming home,
Met a sad and awful fate
Which it pains me to relate.

II.

Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
To the far-off swamp alone.
There no freshies' eye can view them,
There no freshies' ear can hear them,
Where dark mazes they must tread,
By mysterious phantoms led.
Freshmen must have exercise,
So this treatment seemed most wise.
Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
Two young freshmen coming home
Took a strange erratic walk,
Causing endless fuss and talk.

III.

Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
To the far-off swamp alone.
Oh, those faultless cuffs and collars,
Marks of gentlemen and scholars,
Should have been of sterner stuff
To survive this usage rough ;
Silken ties with all the rest
Marked them as superbly dressed.
Gone, gone—swiped and gone,
To the far-off swamp alone.
All their glory quick departed,
When they on their journey started.

IV.

Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
To the far-off swamp alone.
Wandered far these weary souls,
Fell in many treacherous holes,
Almost lost their precious wits,
Nearly frightened into fits.
But when the midnight hour was past,
They found a farmer's house at last.
Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
To the far-off swamp alone.
"Take us back to home and mother :
We are lost, I and my brother" !

V.

Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
To the far-off swamp alone.
Oh that they had never strayed
From their roof trees' friendly shade.
Ne'er again when kindly light
Has fled before the shadow'y night,
Will these two freshmen venture out
Without their class-mates round about.
Gone, gone,—swiped and gone,
To the far off swamp alone.
Thus repeats the old refrain,
In a weird sophomore's strain.

A FRESHMAN'S STORY.

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT.

Hail ! oh Apollo of old, ye son of the fair-haired Latona,
Come down again upon earth and with gift of poetic endowment
Strengthen a weak, mortal brain, and prompt it to write with discretion.
Autumn, the lovely, had come ; and thick on the maple and oak trees,
Bright were her tresses of gold, as well as of orange and crimson.
Fair overhead was the sky ; while the sun made his daily advances.
Cool was the nightly air when the moon in radiant splendor,
Passed by the blinking stars, as a queen among loving subjects.
Back to their college beloved, from the various cities and hamlets,
Gathered the student boys and girls for diligent study.
Famed was their knowledge of books ; but, far above this, be it noted,
Noble and cultured were they, these students of old Middlebury.
Thus, in their journeys abroad, their manly and lady-like natures
Won the esteem of all, and prompted proud fathers and mothers,
Packing their children's trunks, to bid them go seek Middlebury ;
There to learn much from books ; but highest of every acquirement,
To get that priceless gem ; a soul refined and ennobled.
So, 'mong the juniors and soph's and seniors, whose time there was shortest,
Plodded these freshmen alone, abused, abashed, unacquainted.
Prompted by common lot, the boys, who were '98 classmen,
Soon acquainted became and, drawn by the ties of affection,
Met in a classmate's room for secret and deep consultation.
Truthfully had it been said, that a promising youth of the soph'mores
Spent much of time at Battell, which should have been given to study.
And on that evening 'twas told that ——, the modern young Samson,

Sat in that parlor so gay, o'erwhelmed by the charms of Delilah.
Knowing the perils full well, that went with a raid on Battell hall,
Fearing lest motives so pure, might be misunderstood by our hero,
Yet feeling deep the regard and duty they owed to their brother,
Boldly these men did resolve to bring back, ——, to his study.
As the pale, waning moon did descend from the zenith of heaven,
Celestial radiance fell on a group of triumphant freshmen,
Joyfully bringing him, a belated sophomore brother,
Who in anguish intense did loudly bewail his misfortune,
Lost his fifty cent cap, which a maiden had cautiously taken,
Stowed it away in Battell, to keep as a precious memento.
But though his cap was lost, which had cost him so goodly a fortune,
Glad were the genial boys to mark once again their loved brother
Coming in martial array with a bold, sturdy freshman battalion.
Now when this valorous man would speak quite a length with a co ed,
Gets he a bob-tailed nag and a carriage of exquisite beauty,
Rides through the dark like the wind, and as night on her dusky pinions
Flees at the sight of the sun, just peeping above the horizon
—— returns to his room and plugs, reaping greatest successes.

Town and Campus.

The foot ball team has made arrangements to play with the U. V. M. team.

The sophomore class had a candy-pull at Battell Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 2.

One of the Freshmen reports Battell Hall to be the best place to buy stationery in town.

Prof. James M. Paton, who has been studying in Europe the past three years, was in town recently.

Chapman, '94, and Ross, '95, spent part of the vacation in an extended tramp across northern New York.

The Hawthorne club will hold its first meeting of the season on the evening of Tuesday, the 16th inst., with Miss Higley.

The following Freshmen have been initiated into the Chi Psi fraternity: Richmond, Halpin, Hinman, Brookins and Cady.

Prof. Henckels has taken possession of the Negus place, which he recently rented, and is getting it into shape for occupancy by his family.

Saturday, Sept. 29, the '96 base ball team played the Bridport team at Bridport and was beaten 7–5. The game was close and interesting throughout.

The October number of the *New England Magazine* contains an illustrated article on Middlebury college. All the students should have one to send to their friends.

Wright, '95, Davis, '96, Misses Brock and Pollard, '96, attended the State convention of the Y. P. S. C. E. at Newport Oct. 2–3. Miss Pollard read a paper relative to "Junior work."

The following persons have been elected to serve as reading-room committee in connection with Prof. Wright: H. E. Foster, '96, E. J. Fullam, '95, L. R. Brown, '97, and W. B. Richmond, '98.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society of the Baptist church, which suspended during the summer, has re-organized, and holds its meetings in the church each Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Miss Mary O. Pollard is the superintendent.

The sophomores have elected the following class officers: President, John Cadwell; vice-president, Miss Dunbar; secretary, Miss Rockwood; treasurer, E. G. Bridgham; toastmaster, C. P. Kimball; prophet, A. C. Parkhurst; poet, Miss Gordon; historian. Miss Gerould; orator, S. C. Shedrick.

The Temperance Herald, which is the official organ of the I. O. G. T. of Vermont and New Hampshire, and which was formerly owned and edited by C. T. Ranlet of St. Johnsbury, has been purchased by W. H. Eldridge, '95, and E. M. Day of East Middlebury and is now published by them, Mr. Eldridge being editor and Mr. Day business manager.

At the first regular meeting of the class of '98 the following officers were elected: President, W. B. Richmond; vice-president, Miss Lucia R. Avery; secretary, Miss Bessie C. Verder; treasurer, H. W. Skeels; toastmaster, L. R. Brown; prophet, Miss Della E. Hapgood; historian, Miss Fanny M. Sutton; orator, W. B. Dunton; poet, Miss Florence C. Allen.

At the annual election of officers, the Junior class elected the following persons to serve for the coming

year: President, E. M. Roscoe; vice-president, Miss Cora Brock; secretary, Miss Caddie M. Swiney; treasurer, A. S. Wales; toastmaster, C. E. Fitzpatrick; prophet, H. E. Foster; poet, Miss Ava Hawley; historian, E. H. Cutts; orator, J. P. Halnon; base ball captain, C. W. Prentiss; foot ball captain, C. E. Fitzpatrick. *Kaleidoscope Editors*—Editor in-chief, James Moore; associates, Mrs. E. M. Barton, Miss M. O. Pollard, L. C. Russell, W. B. Wilcox; business managers, Jas. E. Goodman, Carl M. Merrill, D. H. Blossom.

Athletics have become one of the leading features in college life, and to this source can be traced the greater part of college spirit. We are very active in base ball and foot-ball, but a third important branch has been almost entirely neglected for the past few years. Track athletics should be more in use among us; many who are not expert in base ball or foot-ball might soon become very proficient in running, jumping, or vaulting. Surely we should devote more time to these sports, which are coming to be more and more popular in athletics and which have already secured a strongly-established position in nearly all the colleges. Shall Middlebury, who has her position among the best, be behind in this particular?

The names and addresses of the Freshman class are as follows:

Charles Carroll Bailey, Ashfield, Mass.
William Henry Botsford, Vergennes.
Burt Myron Bristol, Vergennes.
Arthur Harvey Brookins, Shoreham.
Lemuel Ransom Brown, Potsdam, N. Y.
Frank W. Cady, Middlebury.
Daniel Stickney Coombs, Thetford Hill.
Walter Barrett Dunton, Rutland.
Michael Francis Halpin, New Haven Mills.
Herbert Alvah Hinman, New Haven.
Charles Asahel Hubbard, Whiting.
Chas. H. Jordan, Proctor.
James Andrew Lobban, Milton, Mass.
Joseph Alanson Peck, Middlebury.
Thomas Prentis, Port St. Louis, Mauritius.
Robert Rice, Tinmouth.
William Belden Richmond, Moriah, N. Y.
Hiram Elroy Sessions, East Middlebury.
Homer Lucius Skeels, Swanton.
Theodore Donald Wells, Middlebury.
Audley James Bliss, Poultney.
Theodore Munroe, Middlebury.
Florence Cragin Allen, Brattleboro.
Lucia Elizabeth Avery, Middlebury.
Adaline Charlotte Crampton, East Swanton.
Viola Annie Dunbar, Island Pond.
Della Edith Hapgood, Peru.
Mary Gerrish Higley, Middlebury.
Lottie Russell, Middlebury.
Fanny Marion Sutton, Shelburne.
Bessie Clarinda Verder, Rutland.
Luella Cushing Whitney, So. Ashburnham, Mass.
Miss Chapman, Middlebury.

Y. M. C. A. TOPICS FOR OCTOBER.

Oct. 2. Faith and Works go Hand in Hand—*James II, 17–25.*

Leader, H A. Vicker, '95.

Oct. 9. Plain Living and High Thinking—*Mark X., 23–31.*

Leader, E. J. Fullam. '95.

Oct. 16. Who are We to Help?—*Luke X., 25–38.*

Leader, L. M. Seely, '95.

Oct. 23. Temptations and How to Meet them—*Matt. IV., 1–11.*

Leader, C. L. Leonard, '95.

Oct. 30. God's Call Demands Immediate Attention—*Prov I., 24–33.*

Leader, D. H. Blossom, '96.

At a meeting of the Delta Upsilon fraternity held Friday evening, Oct. 5, the following persons of the class of '98 were initiated: Charles Carroll Bailey, Audley Janes Bliss, William Henry Botsford, Burt Myron Bristol, Lemuel Ransom Brown, Daniel Stickney Coombs, James Andrew Lobban, Thomas Prentiss. Immediately after initiation the members of the fraternity went to the Addison House, where a banquet awaited them. James B. Donoway, '93, acted as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to:

Our Fraternity, John B. Barlow, '95.

"Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands."

Our Alumni, Henry L. Bailey, '86.

"And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been."

Our Motto, Guy C. Lamson, '96.

"Justice, Sir, is the greatest interest of man on earth."

Our Chapter, Luther A. Brown, '97.

"More is thy due
Than more than all can pay."

Our Delegation, Burt M. Bristol, '98.

"Oh wonderful, wonderful, and most
Wonderful wonderful, and yet again
Wonderful, and after that out of all whooping."

Our Lady Friends, ——

"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

Our Days Together, Eben J. Fullam, '95.

"The friends thou hast and their
Adoption tried grapple them to thy soul
With hoops of steel."

Our Future, James Moore, '96.

"The best of prophets of the future is the past."

EATING AND TALKING.

There is a peculiar thing noticeable in almost all of mankind, that food is one of the best conducers to sociability. Collect a number of people in a room before breakfast, and almost invariably there will be little talking. But set that same company before a well-loaded table and the tongues begin to be unloosed; till after the meal the jolly good-natured company is hardly recognizable as the same glum, tongue-tied one which was seated in that same room such a short time before.

Notice again a company in a railway train after a long journey. There is on the faces of most a tired, woe-begone, cross look; and, as they leave the car, they jostle and crowd each other in anything but a friendly way. But after a visit to the lunch counter, those who, a few moments before, were eyeing each other in a strange way, are now shaking hands and laughing jovially over the discomforts of the way.

There seems in food a certain magic which acts upon the brain and the disposition, dissipating gloom, banishing differences, and making man a social being. And just as the dyspeptic is a cynic and a misanthrope, so the hungry man temporarily shares the same qualities. However or whatever the reason, certain it is that food is a wonderful helper of sociability. And no man has found this out more thoroughly than the college student, who always keeps in his room constantly something to help on conversation and pass moments of an otherwise uninteresting call.

Was it not Dr. Bigsby who told the story of the Rugby school boys? They wished to obtain a favor from one of their teachers. Therefore, they applied to his wife for help. She promised to place before him for a week his favorite viands, and after that they were to ask him. Such is the subtle connection between the food and the mind, it is hardly necessary to say that those wise pupils obtained their desire.

Had those old philosophers who quarreled all their lives over how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, and had those logicians who have argued for a thousand years over the "general notion,"—had these men been permitted to enjoy together a bountiful repast where

> "mingles with the friendly bowl
> The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

in all probability those tedious disputes would have straightway been settled, and the minds of those thinkers been turned to more profitable subjects. For

> "The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
> We pout upon the morning, are unapt
> To give or forgive: but when we've stuffed
> These pipes and these conveyances of blood
> With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls."

College Notes.

The Yale Glee Club gives a part of its proceeds to poor students.

A professorship of piano and organ playing has been established at Yale.

The University of Michigan sent out a class of seven hundred and thirty-one this year, the largest ever graduated from an American college.

The *Occident*, of the University of California, has twenty-four students on its editorial staff.

The only way get thru this world and eskape censure and abuse iz, to take some back road. You kant travel the main turnpike and do it.—*Josh Billings.*

The Alpha Delta Phi fraternity at Yale is to erect a $100,000 house on Hill House avenue. It will be of stone and one of the most expensive at Yale.—*Cardinal.*

Princeton grants the largest scholarship of any American college. It is fifteen hundred dollars, and is given triennially for proficiency in Greek and Latin.

Charles Dudley Warner has an editorial in September *Harper's* on "The New College Commencement," suggested by some recent changes at Yale, that is well worth the perusal of all college faculties.

He was a countryman, and he walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment: "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.

> Blest be the tie that binds
> The collar to my shirt.
> With gorgeous silken front it hides
> At least a week of dirt.
>
> —*Yale Record.*

A CHEMICAL TRAGEDY.

> Our Willie passed away today,
> His face we'll see no more,
> What Willie thought was H_2O
> Proved H_2SO_4. —*Orient.*

Two discoveries of the late Baron Helmholtz stamp him as the greatest physicist of his century. He first showed the correlation of the forces of nature—in

other words, that light, heat, electricity and chemical action are all manifestations of one and the same force, and that they are indestructible and under certain conditions interchangeable. He discovered, too, that thought is not instantaneous.

RIGHT IN THE CROSSING.

O, ye co-eds, so potential,
There is one thing you can do,
You can perch yourself upon one foot
And put on an overshoe.

—*U of M. Wrinkle.*

Two hundred enthusiastic students of Stanford University have each given $2.50 toward the construction of a "noise-making machine," to be used at the next athletic contest between Leland Stanford and the University of California. It is to be a monster horn worked by a steam blower, and made of galvanized iron. It is to be fifty feet in length, with a diameter of ten feet, and will have a thirty-two horse-power boiler.—*Ex.*

A Sophomore bold and careless and gay,
One afternoon of a winter day,
Fixed himself up and went to a play.
It was Richard III., and a matinee.

The Sophomore sat in the front parquet,
All was serene as a day in May,
Until King Richard began to prav,
"A horse! a horse!" in a faithful way,

When the Sophomore sprang from his seat, they say,
And cried, the poor king's fears to allay,
"I'll get you a horse without delay,
I know how it is—I have felt that way."

—*Wabash.*

Exchanges.

Our college exchanges are arriving and predict a higher standard of college journalism and more complete arrangements of the several departments. Although some of our papers are not so judiciously put forth as others, yet this may not possibly be the fault of the editors, who perhaps are obliged to do their work on the paper in a very hurried and unsatisfactory manner, without the support which should be given them by their college and student body. This, we believe, is one of the greatest hindrances in raising the standard of our college journals still higher. We doubt not some of our colleges are misjudged by their journal simply on account of the lack of interest shown by the student body and the work of editing the paper falling upon one or two students. When some method is devised to remedy this we think that at least many of our colleges will be able to issue better prepared and more interesting papers. Some of our exchanges come to us under new covers, among which is the *Colby Echo*, the *Ariel;* and the *Wesleyan Argus* has been changed to a weekly. We believe its following editorial expresses the mind of all college editors and brings out a point which college faculties ought to consider:

"At Yale, we are told, the work of the editors of the periodicals is allowed to count as a certain number of hours in their college work. This is nothing more than just, nor would such a rule of allowance to the editors of the Wesleyan periodicals be anything more than just. No man becomes editor of either one of the papers here for the fun there is in it. The positions entail a great many hours of hard mental and physical work—work in the college and for the college. It is right along the line of a man's college work. Perhaps the faculty might say that men are not compelled to accept positions entailing so much labor. Perhaps not, but if every man in college should take so little interest in the institution as to refuse these positions, would not the death of the periodicals be of some loss to the college? We would be delighted and highly gratified—and surprised, to tell the truth—if our conservative faculty should grant such a request for allowance, but, we think, nevertheless, that it should be done. Two hours a week deduction from recitations would be small exchange for the many hours of hard labor spent in editorial duties."

The *Lombard Review* has the following, which doubtless is applicable to many of our colleges:

"It has apparently become a custom among certain alumni to send young men to the University pledged to a Greek letter fraternity. We wish to raise a protest against this for several reasons. These alumni have been away from their Alma Mater for a number of years and know practically now but little about their fraternity. In that time, what they knew as a reliable fraternity may have deteriorated into a society of dudes. When the young man who has been pledged enters college, he does not find such a society as may suit his tastes, yet he has pledged his word of honor and of course will not break his pledge. We are always glad to have the alumni send in young men as students, but don't pledge them to a Greek letter fraternity. It is unjust to the student and shows a weakness on your part. Every young man is capable of judging for himself in the matter and capable of choosing a fraternity in which he thinks he will find some congenial spirits."

AMHERST GLEE CLUB IN ENGLAND.

The Amherst Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs crossed the Atlantic this summer to make their long-talked of tour of England. Though the trip was not exactly a triumphal procession, the American college boys certainly captivated the music lovers of the English public and scored a complete success musically and socially. American college music was a complete surprise to the English audiences, but it was a welcome surprise, and the rollicksome glees and galloping banjo pieces brought forth repeated encores, even where least expected.

The Amherst clubs may rightly claim the distinction of being the pioneer musical tourists of England, for, althougl Cambridge and Oxford univsrsities have glee clubs, they have never sung about England as scores of college clubs do about America. Consequently the presence of a crowd of college singers meant little to the English community, and had it not been for their curiosity to see and hear anything American, the clubs might have made a lonesome and unsuccessful trip. The word "America," which Manager Terry had wisely printed in large type on the concert posters, usually drew the people, though the clubs did not have the large audiences that they are accustomed to in America. The musicians received the kindest attention from the English people, and every member thoroughly enjoyed the trip, finding much to interest them in their travels when they could spare the time from club work. The reputation of American college music in general, and Amherst in particular is now firmly established in England, and a second trip would give the boys crowded houses and unqualified success.—*The Amherst Student.*

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

It is stated on good authority that only one in 2000 persons in the United States takes a college education. In England it is one in 5000. Now what do these figures mean? Simply that only one person in 2000 in our country so educates himself that he can think; and when I say think, I mean so he can think originally and so as to bring out new ideas, and ideas the soundness of which no one can dispute. According to Huxley it is "Learning to do what I know that I ought to do and to do it when I know that I ought to do it."

It is the thinkers who have made our country what it is, and it is the thinkers who are to keep our land from anarchy and ruin in the future. We want more thinkers, men of sound judgment and clear, well trained minds.

But where are we to get these thinkers? Certainly not in our high schools, not among the men who care only how they may make a few hundred thousand dollars as the case may be; nor among the politicians, demagogues, or book worms. It is among men who by their education have trained themselves to think carefully, candidly and when it is necessary; among men who can take any popular subject, concentrate their minds upon it, and think it out. We must have more thinkers.—*Exchange.*

"EVERY PERSON MAKES HIS OWN STATURE, BUILDS HIMSELF."

If it be true what we may naturally understand from these words, that every person at his first setting out in life lays his own foundation for usefulness, and as he proceeds in the course of life, forms those habits and establishes those principles which shall in after life make him a blessing or a curse to society;—it is to be considered of the highest importance that those who wish to render the world better for their having lived in it should first shun those habits which are said to drown men in perdition—avoid those principles which are abhorrent from the rules of justice, equity and truth,—and next, to establish those which shall grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, and which shall lead the mind on to the attainment of those noble objects which shall not only be a source of consolation to themselves, but shall also make them useful to their fellow men. Many are disposed to believe that the fact of their having descended from worthy ancestors is sufficient reason why they should be honored, loved and respected; yet they forget that "every person is to make his own stature, build himself"; and while they are anxiously looking for affluence and prosperity, behold sudden destruction, in the name of Poverty, cometh upon them, and they are reduced to that sphere to which they properly belong. Then those high hopes, those lofty expectations of future greatness, which served to invigorate them in their youthful days, are blasted by disappointment, and like the leaves of autumn never resume their freshness and verdure. And why? The reason is very obvious. Because seed time, which is youth, is past and gone. No principle formed on which to act; no object in view: and if the seed is

now sown, there is doubt whether it will ever arrive at maturity.

When we turn over the pages of history we see that all those who have rendered their names immortal, and even those who have arrived at any degree of eminence, have effected it chiefly by their own exertions. Although the government of kingdoms and powerful empires has descended in regular succession from father to son, yet we see that those entrusted have been more or less esteemed, according as they have exerted themselves for the protection of their rights, and endeavored to render the state of those under their care pleasant and agreeable.

Why is the name of Columbus, Washington, Alexander, Bonaparte, Demosthenes and Cicero so often repeated? Is it because they descended from renowned ancestors? Or have they merited this reverence solely by the desires they have shown the world for promoting its prosperity; and the labors they have undergone in effecting this object. And we even see at the present day that those who wish to soar to any degree of eminence are dependent upon their own exertions, whether they arrive at or come short of the object of their desires. We have seen *many* perhaps of our own acquaintances raised to eminence; *others* sunk in obscurity. And are we at all at a loss what cause to assign for the amazing difference? Can we not trace them back even to the days of boyhood, and there see that different plans were laid, and different means employed; and while the motto of one was —"onward"—that of the other was—"another day will do as well"—and thus one day rolls away and brings another to its aid, till at length he is inclined to change his motto, and it then becomes—"I am too old"—and soon his youth is followed by manhood, and manhood by old age, and no time left for the improvement of those talents, which, if rightly employed in season, might have opened the highway to a seat in congress or to the chair of state. And as some contend that all are born with the same natural talent (allowing a few exceptions to the general rule), it must of course then be granted that the different degrees of honor conferred on mankind are wholly owing to the improvement they make of those talents. The question will then arise, "How is a person to make himself"; that is, to gain a high standing among his fellow men, and to render himself useful to society? As the celebrated Pollock expresses himself, "many the plans they tried, the roads they took." The paths pursued are nearly as numerous as there are individuals to pursue them. One becomes lavish of his property, and he consoles himself by saying, that "although I do not enjoy the comfort which might arise from it, yet another will, and thus I shall be considered as rendering a favor to society, which I consider to be a part of my duty." Again you see others take a very different course regardless of benefitting their fellow men, they have inscribed in glowing capitals upon the lid of their coffers:

"Defende quam habes, Collige quam potes."

THERE IS A TIME.

There is a time when lullaby
Is sung, a watcher sitting nigh,
A father and a mother's prayer
Awaits the infant cradled there.

There is a time when youthful light
The morn illumes the noon and night,
When buoyant hope with brilliant ray
Makes gladsome oft life's devious way.

There is a time when love controls
Uniting sure two kindred souls,
When agency of thought and power
Haply employs the business hour.

There is a time perchance instead
A toiler humble for his bread
His way plods on, deep cares oppress,
Of joy devoid or fond caress.

There is a time later in age
The part men act more grave and sage,
Prepare to watch the setting sun
Rewards to seek for work well done.

There is a time when falling leaf
Well indicates our life is brief,
And beauty of the stars and flowers
Is lost in this cold world of ours;
Yet "Star of promise o'er our path
Should keep the beauty that it hath."

M. CLARK, '23.

STORY BY M. CLARK, '23.

Time oft like sentinel guards well
The casket where the memories dwell,
Oft kindly too brings back the years
Of mirth and joy—sometimes of tears.

Some eighty years ago or more
Awakened faculties restore
An incident. (In value naught
Perhaps 'twere well it was forgot).

'Twas late at night. The sleet and rain
Were rattling on the window pane.
Wild elements without at play.
The writer wrapped in slumber lay;
Meanwhile his mother sitting by,
Humming perchance a lullaby,
Her company and near about
A gentle niece by chance gone out.

With grievous words the mother spake,
The sleeper then was quick awake.
Imprudent girl! in strident tone
She said. Why leave me thus alone?
The cowering maid in haste replied,
My wildering father would have died
Amid the storm. I LED HIM HOME.

(Alas! how oft a good man's fate.
Her father was inebriate).

Lucretia wept. Was not the tear
In heaven writ? No record here
Except this copy from a leaf,
Yellow by time and sere and brief,
Torn from the volume clasped with gold
Of memory of the days of old.

A story penned with tropes and rhyme,
Truthful but dim from lapse of time,
Rescued in second childhood play
(To fleck with light a moody day),
'Bethought, engrossed, with vainness made
From mem'ry in its tenth decade.

Poultney, March 4, 1893.

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Being well known to the President and many of the faculty of Middlebury college, you can easily get such information as to my responsibility, reliability, promptness, etc., etc., as may be required to enable you to guarantee satisfaction to such acquaintances as you may recommend to do business with me, and I guarantee that returns for trial shipments of not exceeding $50 value shall be satisfactory to the butcher making the shipment unless his demands are unquestionably beyond reason.

CARROLL S. PAGE.

Hyde Park, Vt., Jan. 1, 1894.

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